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Mercy be silent!—spurn, great God,  
these tears,  
Sinking, o'erwhelmed, thy wisdom I ad-  
dore!—  
But where, oh, God! where shall thy  
thunder fall?  
The Blood of Jesus has't not covered  
all? J.W.E.

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TO THE INCONSTANT.

YES, false one, triumph in my woes,  
And joy these flowing tears to view,  
How just to wound that heart's repose,  
That gladly would have bled for you!  
Yet poor the pleasure thou hast gain'd,  
And very soon it will be o'er,  
That bosom, where thou long hast reign'd,  
Shall fondly throb for thee no more.  
Nor vainly think my tears, my sighs,  
Love's still unvanquished power pro-  
claim,  
Each drop that trickles from my eyes,  
But helps to quench his dying flame.

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JU D'ESPRIT.

LE Temps s'enfuit, l'arrachons,  
Et que se passeroit il si vite,  
Nous entraînant dans sa fuite;  
Les ailes repandues  
Abrigent l'étendue  
Le nos vœux les rognons.

Encore s'enfuit, le laissons  
Nous hélas! ne sommes que mortels  
Vienne l'amour, et sur ses autels  
Tous les moments,  
Dans un torrent,  
De la joie nous vivrons. L.

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EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

FRIEND, companion more than sister,  
Heart to Pity's feeling's true,  
While my tears the paper blister,  
Let me breathe my woes to you.  
Let me to thy friendly bosom,  
Speak the sorrows of my heart,  
There with trust let me repose them,  
Doomed from all I love to part.  
Well thou know'st the fond affection,  
Which I've cherished and concealed,  
That tenderest, kindest, dear connection,  
Only to yourself revealed.  
Long Lothario had possession  
Of my heart and fondest love,  
You alone heard the confession,  
Heard tho' you did not approve.  
Oft you warned me what a distance,  
Fortune had between us thrown,  
Urged how weak would be resistance  
When my heart was all his own.

That his father proud and haughty,  
Ne'er upon our loves would smile,  
Jealous of his house's honour,  
Would my humble state revile.

Still would Hope, the fond deceiver,  
Whisper to my anxious mind,  
That Lothario I should ever,  
Full of truth and honour find.

Oft he swore how dear he loved me,  
Pleas'd I list'n'd to his vows,  
Tho' cautious I ne'er gave him other  
Proofs than modesty allows.

At this period to the city,  
By his father he was sent,  
Had you seen his grief at parting,  
How unwillingly he went.

You would never have conjectured  
That so soon his heart could change,  
That he so soon his love forgetting,  
Through the paths of vice would range.

Soon engaged in dissipation,  
All his love for me expires,  
Gaming, drinking, racing, spending,  
New supplies of wealth requires.

An old maid with many thousands  
Cast on him an amorous eye,  
Love ne'er smiled upon their union,  
Ne'er will bless the venal tie.

Your poor friend alone forsaken,  
Torn with love and wounded pride,  
Tho' with grief my heart is breaking,  
From the world my woes I'll hide.

For the sake of false Lothario  
Single will I pass my life,  
Never shall another lover,  
Greet me with the name of wife.

Come my friend and soothe my sorrows,  
Come and hush my grief to rest,  
Let me in the joys of friendship,  
Spite of love be truly blest.

SAPPHO.

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THE FATE OF THE NOSE.

YE maids of the emerald isle,  
Ye daughters of Erin draw near,  
In the rainbow of grief mix the smile,  
With the soul thrilling, generous tear.  
To you my sad tale I'll unfold,

To you every sorrow disclose,  
That heart must be cruel and cold,  
Will not melt at the tale of my nose.

An old maiden aunt was my bane,  
After dinner each day (what a bore)  
She forced me, ah much 'gainst the  
grain!

To work at an odious tambour.  
On the nostril a redness began,  
(Ah! unlike to the bloom of the rose)  
From the tip to the bridge up it ran,  
And empurpled my aquiline nose.

I ran to my nurse for relief,  
 A woman right skilful though poor,  
 Of her book she turn'd o'er every leaf,  
 Till of noses she came to the cure ;  
 " Mix," she said, " with some cow-dung  
     some curd,  
 Add of red herrings eight, all the roes,  
 In a skillet when all are well stirred,  
 Clap the poultice red hot on your nose."  
 In the morning, oh ! dreadful to view,  
 A crop of white pimples appeared ;  
 To Doctor Gilboly I flew,  
 Who with ointment my nostrils besmeared ;  
 But instead of appeasing the smart,  
 This ointment increas'd all my woes,  
 So for England resolved to depart,  
 To the farriers I sailed with my nose.  
 To the farriers I cried, " Doctors see,  
 A lady from Ireland, assist her !"  
 But no sooner I gave them my fee,  
 Than they stuck on my nose a horse  
     blister.  
 With anguish I fainted away,  
 But I found, when from swooning I rose,  
 In the true veterinary way,  
 They had fastened a touch on my nose.  
 I tried washes the itching to kill,  
 And the dire irritation to calm,  
 Moredant's drops, Veleno's syrup, Ward's  
     pill,  
 Gowland's lotion, and Solomon's balm ;  
 Perkin's tractors I used for a week,  
 More inflamed th' erysipelas grows,  
 I scraped it till pain made me squeak,  
 But the redness encreased on my nose.

By a surgeon at length I was told,  
 That all I was doing was wrong,  
 " Try cold, Miss O'Flinn, intepse cold,  
 The redness you'll find wont last long.  
 Go to Russia, that region of ice,  
 Nature's storehouse of hail and of snows,  
 You'll be thankful for this good advice,  
 When you're rid of the red on your  
     nose."

One friend I possess'd, Pat O'Sheen,  
 A generous despiser of pelf,  
 His father a harper had been,  
 And he played on the Jews' harp him-  
     self.

" 'Tis, my Pat when misfortune betide,  
 His attachment an Irishman shows,  
 To the end of the world," he reply'd,  
 " Will I follow your beautiful nose."

In Moscow's thin isicled air,  
 I uncovered my nose to the frost,  
 But, oh ! judge of my grief, my despair,  
 When I felt for my nose—it was lost !  
 " Oh ! look for it, Pat on the ground,  
 And gather up also my toes,"  
 " The latter, dear lady, I've found,  
 But my search is in vain for your nose."

Ye maids of the emerald isle,  
 Erin's daughters, ah ! pity my doom,  
 Weep for ever, nor suffer a smile,  
 To brighten the cloud of your gloom,  
 Let the cypress bough sullenly groan,  
 In harmony deear with my woes,  
 For in Russia, unmarked by a stone,  
 Lies unburied my aquiline nose.

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## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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*Reflections on the abundance of Paper in circulation, and the scarcity of Specie. By Sir Philip Francis, K. B. London, printed for J. Ridgway, No. 170, opposite old Bond-street, Picadilly, 1810.*

**T**HIS pamphlet, just published in London, having reached our hands, we hasten to present our readers with some interesting extracts from it. We prefer this mode of reviewing in the present instance to making many comments of our own. The author Sir Philip Francis is known as having taken an active lead in Indian politics, and as having preserved a fair character in a high station in that country. He pleads the infirmities of age as an excuse

for the defects of this attempt to inform the public. We discover none of the imbecilities of age, but perceive many marks of a vigorous mind actively engaged to promote the best interests of his country, in raising his warning voice against that system which appears rapidly leading to ruin.

He thus introduces his subject :

" It was said by William Earl of Chatham forty years ago, or somebody has recorded it for him, "that it was a maxim he had observed through life, when he had lost his way, to stop short, lest, by proceeding without knowledge, and advancing from one false step to another, he should wind himself into an in-